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CHRIST AND HIS ANTICHRISTS.

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An Address to the Alumni of the Divinity School, Cambridge, July, 1861.

THE subject, brethren, of my address to you at this time, is one which concerns us all as Christian preachers, and as Alumni of a Liberal School of Theology. It is "*The Coming of Christ and of his Antichrists;* or, to put it into less scholastic phrase, "*Christianity, and its Substitutes in Human History.*"

Is there any one who has not attempted to enter into the mind of Christ, and to understand his thoughts, feelings, and purposes in relation to his mission? From the hints and suggestions of the Gospels, have we not all endeavored to construct some consistent image of Jesus, the Son of man, — penetrating his thought and heart? Here is my picture, as I see him across all these centuries. There are two or three little windows through which I look into his mind: one is the *History of the Temptation;*

another, *his Quotations from the Old Testament;* a third, *his Parables concerning the Kingdom of Heaven;* a fourth, *what he says concerning his Future Coming.*

During that thirty years, of which we have scarcely a record, I seem to see him receiving inward illumination, and becoming acquainted with the realities of the spiritual world and the laws of the divine government. Above all men, in him the intuitive faculty was active, by which we look from earth into heaven. Of all that thirty years, we have only this information, — that he "*increased* in wisdom and stature, and in favor with God and man." His wisdom and goodness were, like those of other men, *a growth.* So far, it was natural. How far it was also supernatural, I do not now inquire. In my judgment, it was both natural and supernatural, — natural in being strictly, purely, absolutely human; supernatural in being divinely ordered, providentially guarded, celestially inspired and helped, all the way through.

But Divine Providence, in selecting him to be the central figure of the human race, and its future leader and captain, had certainly arranged all the conditions. Born of the great Semitic family, from which all the religions with a catholic tendency have emanated, he was, by some special endowment of birth, separated from a too binding influence of the laws of descent. Some mysterious and exceptional Providence prepared the fine organization which was to be the servant and medium of this wonderful soul. His education was from nature, inspiration, and the historic records of his people. Gradually there developed in him the power of seeing with the spiritual eye as accurately as other men see with the bodily eye; so that, when he came to speak of the laws of God and the facts of heaven, there was no hesitation, haze, or obscurity, in his description: all was definite outline. He therefore spoke with

authority, — the authority of perfect insight. He perfectly saw that God was One; that he was Spirit; that he was Truth and Love; that he was Love, because he was the Universal Father, loving all his children alike; loving the good and the evil; longing to pardon; inviting the sinner to repent and return; hearing prayer; giving his Holy Spirit to those who asked it. He saw that he was also Truth; that he was holy; that he acted by law; that he maintained the great moral order of the universe; that his laws were unchanging and eternal, because part of his own being.

The perfect insight of Jesus, therefore, concerning God, brought him to this knowledge, — that God is both Nature, or Law; and Freedom, or Love; — that he is Spirit, or Perfect Freedom; but that this freedom acts according to an inward order of laws, and for the perfect good of creation; that is, God is Spirit, acting out of Truth into Love.

Concerning individual souls, Jesus saw that every soul is at once limited by circumstance, and free by will and knowledge; and that the destiny appointed to each soul, in its own order of development, is to rise to God by knowledge, obedience, and love. The limitations to this ascent he states to be twofold, — the divine order, or providential conditions of time and place; and the freedom to accept or to refuse good, belonging to the individual.

If, now, you ask me how I know that Jesus beheld all this so clearly, I reply, that I *see* it in the pages of the Gospels. I am obliged to say, "Never man spake like this man." The parables and the Sermon on the Mount, the deeds and words of Jesus, give the inevitable inference of one *sure of himself*, — one who has no doubt or hesitation; who sees every fact and law with perfect distinctness. That is all. I need no external evidence of this. If a teacher of astronomy comes to me, or a teacher of botany, who is *at home* in his science, with every fact and law

familiar, able to explain to me the whole, I do not need external proof that he knows it. The knowledge is its own proof. So of Jesus.

This, then, was the gospel, or good news, which Jesus saw and declared concerning the individual soul. But religion concerns not only the development of the individual soul through eternity, but the progress of the human race on earth in time. God's kingdom was to come also to man on earth; and Jesus had not only a gospel for the individual, but also one for the race. He saw that God was educating the race providentially in history. In the records of his nation, this providential education was made clear; and, in these records, he beheld prophetic visions of a much grander future, — the reign of a Messiah. Comparing these prophetic suggestions with the intuitions of his own soul, he perceived that his own insight completely fulfilled their foresight; that all the lines of their thought converged to himself. What an awful moment, when to him it was shown, that, of all human beings, he alone understood the purposes of God, and that he was, therefore, the agent to fulfil them! It is said, that when Newton, by a long series of calculations on the lunar motions, was testing the truth of his hypothesis of universal gravitation, and, as the calculation drew to its close, saw that the hypothesis was about to be verified, he stopped, overwhelmed and awed at the dawning of this great truth to the world. But how much more vast the revelation which must have come to Jesus, when he saw that he was to be the Way to God, the Truth to the world, the Life to the soul; that he was really that Messiah who was to introduce peace between man and God, peace between man and man; by whom men were to come to their Father; who was to unite all races and religions in one, and to change a legal obedience of duty into a willing and grateful love; through whom God's

kingdom was to come, and his will to be done on earth as it was done in heaven!

Having realized this, the next step in the experience of Jesus was to see what were the appointed means; and, on this part of his experience, the story of the temptation throws great light. His perfectly lucid intellect saw plainly all the obstacles in the way of his work. He knew what was in man, and saw the resistance to come from priest and people, from obstinate custom, from self-interest, from pride, from habits of thought, from superstition, from bigotry, from worldliness, from sensuality, from hardness of heart. Yet he knew that he possessed power amply sufficient to overcome all resistance. The mysterious gifts of his nature, if directed to that end, would be enough to bring all men to his feet; and then he could do with them as he chose. One concession, one compromise, one moment given to expediency, and, after that, all might belong to God. The stones would become bread; angels would bear him up in their hands; all the kingdoms of the world, and their glory, would be his. That was the temptation.

The temptation was to use worldly means for a holy end, — the temptation to which so many noble souls have yielded, from Mohammed and Hildebrand to the last great statesman who has sold his eternal birthright of truth for the pottage of temporal expediency. The temptation was to get first a strong outward position, to build up an imposing visible kingdom, to draw together by all motives all parties in the Jewish State, and then to use this power for the conversion of the world to God.

We know how Jesus passed through this terrible trial, and how he came out of the furnace with no smell of fire on his garments. Simple truth and love were to be his only means. But, when he had thus decided, he soon perceived that he was not to see, in this life, the coming of his king-

dom. He saw that he was to be put to death; that all would seem to be lost. Then he rose into a contemplation of the vast future, and spoke of himself as coming to reign as the Christ in distant centuries. Of the day and hour of his coming, not he nor any finite mind could know; but he was to come. The Son of man, the historic Jesus, was surely to come as the ideal Christ, the Son of God. His divine truth was surely to conquer at last; his peace was to prevail over all war; his love, over all selfishness. All races and religions were to become one in him; all evil was to be overcome by good. He was to come in the clouds of heaven; that is, according to Oriental speech, in the changing opinions and advancing spirit of men: not here or there, not in one place or another place, but everywhere at once, like the leaven which leavens the lump, like the lightning which lightens all round the sky at the same moment. Thus did he set aside all idea of locality and visibility in his coming.

In this perfect faith he departed. After the last agonizing struggle, in which he inquired of God if there could not even yet be some way by which he could establish his kingdom, and found there was none, and said, "Thy will be done," he departed.

Then came the rising; which was not merely a coming back to earth, but a going upward and onward into a higher state, from whence he could commune more intimately and livingly with the souls of his disciples than when he was with them: and so, having filled their souls full of his truth and love, he passed away outwardly, to become more and more present inwardly to the conscience and heart of the world with each advancing century of human history.

So much for the *Christ*. Now for the *Antichrists*.

While speaking of his future spiritual and ideal coming,

Jesus gave this warning to his disciples and to the whole church: "Take heed lest any man deceive you; for many shall come in my name, saying, I am Christ, and shall deceive many. . . . Then, if any man shall say to you, Lo, here is Christ, or there, believe it not: for there shall arise false Christs and false prophets, and shall show great signs and wonders; insomuch that, if it were possible, they shall deceive the very elect. Wherefore, if they say to you, Behold, he is in the desert, go not forth; Behold, he is in the secret chambers, believe it not. For as the lightning cometh out of the east, and shineth even to the west; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be."

Who are these Antichrists of history? Are they only individuals, — poor, passing impostors of the hour? — or are they not rather ideas, principles, institutions, rising up in the church, antagonizing the spirit and power of the gospel? So I esteem them. The Antichrists are not the sin of the world, nor its unbelief; they are not infidelity nor worldliness: but they are principles and systems in the church, pretending to be Christ. Sin does not pretend to be Christ; nor does infidelity pretend to be Christ: but these principles do. They say, "We are Christ;" and they "deceive many." They have come up, one after another, in the church, demanding the obedience, belief, and assent of men, on peril of damnation if refused. According to the true gospel, the soul is safe when it is filled with the spiritual Christ, — the Christ formed within, — the love and truth of God; but these Antichrists demand allegiance to themselves, on peril of damnation if refused.

The Church the first Antichrist.

The first Antichrist which appeared was THE CHURCH. The church has often come in the name of Jesus, and said, "I *am Christ;*" and has deceived many. The Papal

Church has claimed to be the only way to God; has declared, that out of it there was no salvation; has made all its sacraments essential media of religious life; and so it took the place of Christ as mediator between man and God. Christ said, "I am the door;" but the church responded, "I am the door." Christ says, "If any man believe in *me*, he has eternal life abiding in him." The church declared that no one had any right to believe in Christ, unless he believed in her as Christ's visible body. The church has declared herself to be the door, the true shepherd, the way of salvation, the truth, and the life. In making these claims, she has made herself Antichrist. She has come in her Master's name, saying, "I am Christ." She has localized Christ, saying, "Lo, here is Christ; and, lo, there." The very power she has shown, and the astonishing phenomena she has developed out of her corporate zeal, have completed the picture; for thus she has shown great signs and wonders, so as, if it were possible, to deceive the very elect. She has asserted Christ to be in her secret chambers, in the Vatican; to be in her monasteries, in the desert. According to the gospel, all believers are priests, and holy; but she has established a distinction between the priests and people, making the one sacred, and the other profane. "Forbidding to marry, and commanding to abstain from meats," she fulfils all inspired prophecy of Antichrist and his coming. Christ says to his disciples, "Call no man master, and no man father, on earth; for one is your Master and Father in heaven, and ye are brethren:" and the church calls the Pope Master and Father, and requires submission to him instead of submission to Christ. Christ says, "When ye pray, use no vain repetitions;" but she orders her children to repeat the Paternoster fifteen times, and the Ave Maria a hundred and fifty, to each rosary.

Now, I recognize the goodness there is in the Roman-Catholic Church; and I see that Roman Catholics are, in many things, better than Protestants. But *the church itself*, with its immense pretensions, claiming to be the very mediator between man and God, thereby makes itself Antichrist. It takes our faith and obedience away from Christ, and transfers it to itself. But the same principle is Antichrist in Protestant churches. When any church makes its rites and forms essential, — its ceremonies, its books, its creed, its holy days, its holy persons, its holy times, essential, — it becomes thereby an Antichrist. When Episcopacy claims that no one is a minister who has not been touched by a bishop, and that no child is safe who has not been baptized with water, it brings these forms between the soul and Christ. To make any thing essential but faith in the Divine Truth and Love is to be an Antichrist.

The principle of authority in a church, and its rites, is hostile to the whole spirit of the gospel of Christ, and to the whole spirit of Jesus himself. Never was a reformer so radical as he. He did not come to destroy the law and the prophets. But the destructive reformer is less radical than the creative, positive, constructive one. Life, advancing life, which forgets the things behind, — not stopping to quarrel with them, — advancing to those before, is the most radical reform of all. The inflowing life of nature, which takes up into itself the ruins of the old year, is the type of this most radical reform. "It is idle," says Goethe, "to compare me with Shakespeare; for, apart from all other inferiority, I am his inferior in this, — that I have been obliged to deny the false before I could assert the true."

So wholly positive and creative was the work of Christ, that it is difficult for us to regard him separately as a

reformer: if we could, we should see that there was never so bold or thorough an assault on the body and form of religion; never any thing which so completely cleared the ground of all the past, and yet without cutting away from behind one connecting line of true historic life. He took into himself Moses, the prophets, the Jewish ideal of the Messiah,—the substance and essence of them all,—and then wholly dropped and let go the form. To be sure that we have the kernel of a theory, this alone gives us courage to cast away the shell. "You are almost as orthodox as we," once said a Presbyterian minister to a Unitarian with evangelical leanings. "I am *quite* as orthodox as you," was the reply. "Why, then, do you not accept our creed, and join our body?" The Unitarian answered, "When I have sucked an orange, why should I eat the skin?"

The difficulty with the Protestant Church is just here: it has not sucked the orange of Romanism; and, therefore, it is afraid to throw away the skin. We have not yet learned the whole secret of Romanism: when we have, we shall be able to leave behind all its forms; we shall have no mitigated Romanism in the form of episcopal apostolic succession, no simulated sacraments, no rags of Papacy. "The ghost of a linen decency still haunts us," says John Milton. Such wise and good writers as Miss Yonge and Miss Sewell, who describe nature and life with the insight of masculine English intellect, talk baby-talk about baptism and confirmation. It seems, in fact, a peculiarity of the English mind, with occasional magnificent exceptions, not to go back of any accepted statement, precedent, or tradition of their own church, but to regard every part of the body as being as essential as its soul. "There be," says Milton in a passage often quoted, but which I must quote once more, — "there be — who knows not that there be? — of

Protestants and professors who live and die in as errant and implicit faith as any lay Papist of Loretto. A wealthy man, addicted to his pleasure and his profits, finds religion to be too entangled a traffic for him: so he finds out some divine of note, to whom he adheres, and resigns the whole warehouse of his religion, with all its locks and keys, and, indeed, makes the very person of the man his religion; so that his religion is no more within himself, but comes and goes near him as that good man frequents his house. He entertains him, gives him gifts, feasts him, lodges him: his religion comes home at night, prays, is liberally supped, and sumptuously laid to sleep; rises, is saluted; and after the Malmsey, and better breakfasted than he whose morning appetite would have gladly fed on green figs between Bethany and Jerusalem, his religion walks abroad at eight, and leaves his kind entertainer in the shop, trading all day without his religion." I do not think the English have, as yet, wholly outgrown this description.

But not merely the Episcopal Church relapses thus toward the theory of Rome: in all our churches, there is a tendency to exalt the forms. The duties most considered are church-duties; the sins most feared are offences against church-rules. Orthodox churches in Boston, in the year 1861, excommunicate their members, — for attending, perhaps, a Unitarian church, — in language which implies that God will turn them out of heaven, because they have been turned out of Dr. Kirk's or Dr. Blagden's church on earth. To take a walk on Sunday afternoon is in many places held a sin; to go to the theatre, another: and, had the father of the prodigal son belonged to an Old-school Presbyterian church, he would have been disciplined for having music and dancing in his house when his lost son was found.

When one of our Southern Presidents was on his death-

bed, it occurred to him that he had never paid due attention to religion. He therefore proposed to himself to make his peace with God. In what form did that work come before him? Was it to repent of the evil done, when he precipitated the nation into a war with Mexico? By no means: that had nothing to do with *religion*. No: the question which agitated his mind, in that serious hour, was how to be baptized, and whether by a Methodist or by a Presbyterian minister. The important question was at last decided: the duty he had been taught to believe so essential was performed, and he died in peace. Far better, as it seems to me, was the course of that eminent Northern statesman, who, on his recent deathbed, declined all the offices of the ministry and the church, — saying that it was too late to think of those things then; and, with his dying lips, commanded his sons to support the Constitution, the Union, and the Laws. *That* religion, the religion of patriotism, he at any rate possessed; and to that he meant to be true, and not to speak any "words of wind" in his dying hour.

When Paul taught the great doctrine of justification by faith, he laid the axe at the root of this tree of church salvation, — of relying on *any* forms as essential to the life of the soul. Luther, in his great single-handed conflict with the colossal power of Rome, was obliged to take hold again, and vitalize once more in human consciousness this magnificent principle; and in its strength he conquered. He dealt a deadly blow to the Antichrist of Form. It lies dead or half dead to-day: before long, it will be quite dead. Yet it hisses defiance at us out of its coffin; its ashes rage against us out of its tomb.

——— "cinis ipse sepulti
In genus hoc sævit, tumulo quoque sensimus hostem."

The spectre of Romanism re-appears in Puseyism; a pale, flitting ghost indeed, with no power to do much harm: and, as I remember, a year or two ago some phantasm of Churchism flitted even across this platform, called up into our unromantic noon of unshadowed light by the magical wand of that brother, who can, by his eloquence, at any time call up a vision of the Past; or, if he will, send it again away.

So much for the ANTICHRIST OF FORM: let us proceed to another.

(To be continued in our next number.)

THE OBJECT OF THE UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

THE question which ought often to be asked in regard to any institution, in order to preserve and increase its efficiency and save it from routine, is this: What is it for?

There are two different purposes which may be assumed as the object of our corporation. The first is to make men Unitarians: the second is to make them Christians.

When the Association was first established, it was natural that the first of these purposes should be more thought of than the other.

What was then most needed was doctrinal discussion; statement of the opinions of Unitarians; defence of them; an elaborate argument, intended to produce an intellectual conviction of the falsehood of the Orthodox system of doctrine, and the truth of that opposed to it.

This was therefore, at that time, the principal object of the Association.

This work has been by no means fully accomplished. Much remains yet to be done. Nevertheless, it has been so far accomplished, that ground has been cleared and obtained, upon which Unitarians can stand, and try the effect of their system in converting the world to Christ and to God.

This, therefore, would seem to be the true work now to be done, — a work which has been gradually initiated, and which is becoming more and more interesting to the denomination. The first work of the Israelites under Moses was to escape from Egyptian slavery. Their second work was to conquer and obtain the promised land. Their third and most important work was to plant there their institutions, and build up a model religious commonwealth. The work of Unitarians has been the same. First, We were obliged to free ourselves from the Egyptian bondage of Orthodox creeds ; to escape from the doctrines of *natural and total depravity*, the *vicarious atonement*, the *Trinity*, *everlasting punishment*, and the like. Our second task was to conquer for ourselves ground on which to stand ; to possess ourselves of some foothold in the church, — some narrow, rocky Palestine, — where we could distribute our tribes, and plant the tabernacle of the one living and true God. We have obtained this. We are free, and are in possession of some church room. We have a body of two hundred and fifty churches and ministers firmly planted in these United States. The time has come for devoting ourselves mainly to the work of building and planting, to making Christians in our own way, to developing our own life in our work, to try freely all experiments which promise to promote Christian growth, to learn how to educate our people into Christianity. Hitherto we have labored with an eye to Orthodox

methods. We may now leave them alone, and try our own. We may accept and reject methods as we please; introduce the whole Catholic ceremonial, if we like; take the most Quaker simplicity of ritual, if it seems best; have vesper services, silent prayers, conference meetings, lay preaching, preaching by women; churches which shall have no preacher, but do their work themselves; creeds with innumerable articles, creeds with no articles. Our power, our glory, our joy, is in our freedom. But the value is not in itself, but in the use of it for work, — in its exercise.

The Roman-Catholic Church has its method of making Christians, which it diligently prosecutes. Its method is to work from without, in; to place men, first of all, in its church, and succeed then with church influences; then to penetrate inward to the heart and life. They seek first to change the life, then to convert the heart.

Orthodox churches usually adopt the opposite method. They begin at the centre, and work outward toward the circumference. First they seek to convert the heart, then to change the life.

Our methods may accept both of these, and unite them. We may convert souls to Christ. We may educate men to Christianity. We do not say, "Out of the church, no salvation;" nor, "Out of this creed, no salvation;" nor, "Except by this special experience, no salvation." But we bring men to Christ, and put them in his hands, and desire to make them *his* disciples, not ours; and this we consider a more excellent way.

To make men Christians, then, not to make them Unitarians, should be the special object of the Unitarian Association. To this end are our tracts, our books, our missions, becoming more and more devoted.

DR. SAMUEL G. HOWE.

BY HORACE MANN.

[The following sketch of the life and services of Dr. Samuel G. Howe is by the late Horace Mann. It is contained in one of his sermons preached at Antioch, O., to the students of Antioch College. That the living should preach and publish sermons in honor of the distinguished dead, is not unusual; but Dr. Howe enjoys the rare honor of having his eulogy pronounced, while he is yet alive, by lips which have been closed in death. To him belongs the assurance, that —

"The love where death has set its seal,
Nor age can chill, nor rivals steal,
Nor falsehood disallow."

In our Unitarian gallery of distinguished men, Dr. Howe holds an eminent place. Long may he hold it, and long continue in his noble work!]

The first Institution for the Blind ever established on this continent, or, indeed, in this Western Hemisphere, was the New-England Asylum, in Boston, Mass., in 1829. This now, for twenty-seven years, has been under the care of that distinguished man, Dr. Samuel G. Howe, even then known as the Philhellene, or Lover of Greece; but now by the broader title of Philanthropist, or Lover of Mankind. Under the superintendence of Dr. Howe, this institution has made more improvements in the methods and instruments of teaching the blind than all the other schools in the world added together; and its efforts have been attended with a proportionate success.

Dr. Howe has also introduced into this country, of late years, the still more difficult instruction of idiots. The success of this last and most astounding work of benevolence, proves incontestably, that in every human being exist the germs of faculties, and that the divine spirit of Christian love will find the means of discovering and fer-

tilizing them, even when they have been so covered up by the sin of disobedience to God's laws, that the very semblance of humanity is lost. Here, indeed, is the literal fulfilment of Scripture. The sins of the fathers are visited upon the third and the fourth generation. But the blessed law of recuperative force is visible even here.

As Dr. Howe now does and always will occupy a conspicuous place in the annals of benevolence, it will not be inappropriate to give a brief sketch of his life.

There is a large number of men, who, on account of his differences from them in religious views, thrust him out of the pale of Christianity. Passing by his belief, let us see if, in his life, he has not imitated the Saviour as much as they. I have known him long. Perhaps few have known him as intimately. We were in college together, and for twenty years I was officially associated with him in the administration of that institution with which his name is now imperishably connected. For a great deal of that time, there was scarcely a day in which a personal interview did not give me some new proof of his wisdom and goodness.

At the time when the Greek war of independence broke out, Dr. Howe was a student of medicine in Boston. Even then, his youthful heart was an altar already loaded with incense. The sight of a brave people struggling for liberty kindled that incense into a flame, — a flame which has burned uninterruptedly, for Greece, for Poland, for Hungary, for Italy, and for those in this country who are under direr oppression than Greek or Pole or Hungarian or Italian. He flew to Greece, and for six years — a part of the time as a surgeon in the army or on board the fleet; a part of the time as a volunteer, like Lafayette and Kosciusko in our Revolutionary war — he devoted himself to

the liberation of that people. He adhered to their cause until he left them free. Then he taught them something of the arts of peace. The first cart made in Greece was made under his superintendence. The old ancestors of that people had made chariots for battle, but not carts for agriculture; and their descendants inherit a sufficient degree of the old organization to shape a graceful boat with a jack-knife: while so little were the useful arts cultivated, that they needed instruction in fabricating the most common utensils of life. The Egyptians had overrun the Peloponnesus, ravaging and destroying all fruit and harvest; and the people were reduced almost to starvation. At that critical moment, Dr. Howe returned to this country; preached a crusade through all New England and New York; raised some sixty thousand dollars in money, and an immense quantity of clothing, with which he relieved the mortal necessities of the Greeks, and sustained them until the final hour of triumph. Twenty years after, when he rode alone into Greece on horseback one day, an accidental travelling companion was astonished to see him recognized by a peasant woman, who spread the glad intelligence; and he was immediately surrounded, and borne into the neighboring city, *nolens volens*, on the shoulders of the people. Such joy was manifested at the sight of him who had founded a village on that spot in the days of stormy trial, that his accidental companion was moved to tears at the spectacle of the enthusiasm, even before he knew the details of the history. At that point of time, the Greeks were just again triumphant over oppression; and his friends ruled the ascendant, and were glad to do him honor. They also sent a Greek newspaper to his friend Charles Sumner, in which the incident was related, or probably we should never have had the pleasure of learning it; for Dr. Howe is never the hero of his own story.

To return to his early history. At the time of his return from his Grecian expedition to Boston, Dr. John D. Fisher, who had just completed his medical studies in Paris, came home to Boston, also, with his great heart filled, brimming, with the project of establishing an Institution for the Blind, like that of the Abbé Haüy, with which he had become familiar in Paris.

In a city so renowned for its charities as Boston, the bricks and mortar for such an establishment could easily be obtained; but where could one find the great, organizing, executive mind to be put at its head, and to be its sensorium?

The most sagacious turned to Dr. Howe as the man above all men for the place; and he was appointed. He accepted, and immediately embarked for Europe to visit the institutions at Paris and elsewhere.

It was while in Paris, on this mission, that his chivalrous spirit prompted him to accept a trust which well-nigh proved fatal, not only to the enterprise in which he was embarked, but to his life. This visit to Paris was during the Polish insurrection of 1830–31. A thrill of enthusiasm in behalf of the Poles, as a few years before in behalf of the Greeks, ran through this country; and large contributions of money and clothing were made in their behalf. These donations were forwarded to Gen. Lafayette in Paris, to be remitted by him to their suffering objects. Gen. Lafayette despatched two agents (a French and a German officer) with the succors. One of them was taken prisoner by the enemy: the other was balked in his purpose, and returned. Who now had the bravery and the skill to carry the needed relief to the perishing army?

It should be stated here, that a large, perhaps the largest, body of the Polish insurgents had just been driven across

their frontiers into Prussia. Prussia stipulated, that, if they would surrender their arms and dismiss their officers, she would afford them a refuge; but having, for some reasons of state, changed her policy, and become more friendly to Russia, she surrounded the Poles with a cordon of soldiers, and attempted, by starvation on her side of the line, to drive them into the jaws of the Russian bear on the other side. It was at this perilous juncture, when they were guarded by Prussian soldiers on one side and watched by Russian victors on the other, and perishing from want within themselves, that Dr. Howe undertook to carry the needed assistance to this hunted band of patriots. He was then on the point of starting for Berlin to visit the Blind Institution established there by the Abbé Haüy a quarter of a century before, and he accepted this perilous commission as an episode. As soon as wheels could carry him, he stood within the Polish cantonments, — ground consecrated by the presence of patriots, desecrated by the rule of tyrants. The Poles had been quartered among the peasants, and they were scattered over a space a dozen miles in extent. By the terms of capitulation, their officers had been removed. One officer, however, having determined to abide the fortunes of his companions, remained, and, the more securely to cover his concealment, feigned illness; and from his sick-quarters, unknown except by a few trusted ones, all necessary orders were issued. Over this extended space, and among this large number, Dr. Howe began, personally, the distribution of his arms, by travelling from hut to hut, scattering gladness wherever he went. Soon he came to a peasant's rude hut, where he was told there lay, in an upper loft, a dying Pole. He ascended to the apartment, which bore all the evidences of a sick man's chamber, — the attendants, the silence, the medical paraphernalia; and, by the dim light from a darkened window,

the form of a man was seen prostrate upon a pallet of straw. Dr. Howe explained his errand; assured him that he came as a friend to help, and not as an enemy to betray. Convinced of this, the feigning sick man sprang upon his feet, and stood before him, a tall, gigantic grenadier, ready, as chance might offer, for friendship or for battle, — ready for any thing but to live a slave. It was their commander.

The supplies came at a moment when the Polish army was at the point of despair. They were promptly delivered, and joyfully received; and Dr. Howe, having fed the hungry and clothed the naked, started immediately for Berlin to learn how to give eyes to the blind.

Immediately after arriving at Berlin, he accidentally met an American citizen, with whom he exchanged cards; giving, most fortunately, the name of the hotel where he lodged. The next morning, that citizen called at the hotel, and inquired for Dr. Howe, but was told that no such person was or had been there. Appearances, however, excited suspicion; and, by adroit and persevering inquiries, this gentleman found that a body of the police had visited the house during the night: but Dr. Howe, for six weeks, was nowhere to be found by any friendly inquirer, — nowhere to be seen by any friendly eye. The facts were, that no sooner had Dr. Howe distributed his succors among the Poles than they were changed as from dead men to live ones. A new soul had been created within them, and all indications pointed to him as to the creator. Now let us see what has been the fortune of the moral hero.

In Prussia, every traveller must go from place to place by public conveyance. All public stages are there truly public ones; for they are owned and driven by the government. However urgent one's business may be, whatever emergency may arise, no private man, with private horses

or private carriage, is allowed to help one on one's way. The government, for police purposes, transacts all this business. They register the name of every passenger; note where they take him up, and where they set him down: so that they can tell the outgoing and incoming of every traveller who passes through the kingdom, or moves from place to place in it. Hence the blood-hounds easily tracked Dr. Howe from the camp of the Poles to his hotel in Berlin; and at midnight, on the first night of his arrival in the city, they knocked at his chamber-door. On opening it, he saw three men. They were clad in citizen's dress, and at first only asked him the news from the camp, and requested his attendance before some civil commissioners. On his declining to go, he was told he must go; and, on his demanding by what authority, the captain of the band unbuttoned and laid open his citizen's coat, and showed the uniform and the badge that had all the thunders of the government at its back. He parleyed; and finally, by promising to attend them in the morning, he gained a respite for a few hours during the residue of the night. Availing himself of this critical period, he selected what valueless and insignificant papers he had, which he tore into shreds, shuffled and threw into a basin of water; but all his valuable ones, and such as might connect him with the transaction, he hid in the hollow of a bust of the King of Prussia, which is almost universally found in all public rooms and places of resort throughout the realm.

With early dawn re-appeared the police, who had watched all night at his door, to conduct him, as they had intimated, to some tribunal or company anxious to hear the news.

Whoever has been in Berlin will remember a vast stone building in one of the most conspicuous streets, nearly in

the heart of the city, obtruding its silent horrors upon the sight, and striking with fiercer horrors all the recollections and associations of men. It is the Government Prison, the Bastile of Prussia. There, in a stone room eight feet by six, without fresh air, without light, Dr. Howe was thrust, and there began a night of darkness, equally impervious to the light of day and the light of hope, and which lasted six weeks. Of all men and their confederates in the underworld, none but the princes of police and the prince of darkness knew where he was. No communication by letter or speech was allowed, — none save that unseen communication with the great Father of us all, which all good men have, and of which no earthly or infernal foe can rob them.

At the end of two days, he was taken before a kind of commission (somewhat, perhaps, like a certain kind of commission in this country; only in that mere despotism, I believe, the base hirelings did not have double the fee for convicting which they did for acquitting, as is the case in this land of boasted freedom). That tribunal conducted his examination on some atomic or infinitesimal theory; for they read to him not less than three hundred written questions, beginning with the names of his father and mother, and evincing the most extraordinary interest in every event that had happened from the day of his birth, and taking down all his answers in writing. At the end of two days more, he was taken before the same officers again; and the three hundred and more questions were all put to him again, and again were all his answers taken down in writing. At the close of the second examination, he was remanded to his dungeon, too small to welcome friend or comforter, but large enough to hold all the spectres of horror or despair that can ever visit a good man's heart. There, in utter solitude, within stone walls, hard as though

each granule in their structure were a tyrant's heart, as though they had been constructed of tyrants' hearts as coral insects build coral reefs, he remained six weeks, having no expectation of any other home or tomb but that; unless, indeed, he might be surrendered to Russia, and doomed to Siberian mines.

One circumstance which transpired marks the untiring industry of the Prussian police. At his first examination, he saw that the whole mass of papers which he had torn up and thrown into the water had been taken out, dried, and re-adjusted, part to part, as one re-adjusts the dislocated pieces of a Chinese puzzle; but they did not discover the important papers in the old king's head, not being Yankees.

At his arrival in Berlin from the Polish camp, as I before mentioned, he met an American gentleman, who made a call of civility upon him at his hotel the next morning. The denial that any such person had been there, and the fact that the police had visited the house during the night, aroused suspicions of foul play. This gentleman, therefore, immediately wrote to Mr. Rives, then American minister at Paris, communicating his apprehensions. Mr. Rives made inquiry of the Prussian Government concerning the matter, and was officially informed that no American had been there, — only a Frenchman, a confederate of the Poles, who pretended to be an American. But he persisted; and finally, after six weeks of negotiation, and to avoid a threatened collision with the United States, the Prussian Government withdrew its retractile fangs from the flesh of its victim. At night, his prison-door was opened. He was put into a carriage, and supposed he was doomed to Siberia; but the rising sun re-assured him, for he rode in an opposite direction. He was driven six hundred miles without stopping, and tossed across the

Prussian frontier, with an admonition never to set foot within it again. His trunk and effects were there all restored to him, except forty-two dollars retained for prison charges, after the manner of South Carolina when she imprisons Northern colored seamen.

When I went to Europe with Dr. Howe, in 1843, his name was found still standing on the proscribed list in all Prussian frontiers, and he was still forbidden to enter the kingdom.

The King of Prussia has since relented; for he sent Dr. Howe a gold medal for his wonderful achievement in educating Laura Bridgman, — the medal being of a class bestowed only upon those who have performed the most distinguished philanthropic services. It is a curious fact, that this medal was of precisely the value of the prison fees above mentioned!

I presume you have all heard something of Laura Bridgman. She was a child, — blind, deaf, dumb, and almost utterly destitute of the senses of taste and smell. Here was this glorious world, — nature, beauty, love, humanity, without: there, within, brooded and slept and moaned an immortal soul. What North-west passage, or any other passage, shall be opened to that hidden, spiritual continent, more valuable than any new-discovered continent upon the earth, or any new-discovered star in the heavens? Who shall enter and gather the fruits of this new garden of the Hesperides? What angel shall convey a spark to kindle the incense already laid upon that lovely, but lonely, sequestered altar?

There was but one man who knew how to open that sarcophagus, and bring to life the immortal spirit within it; and that man was Dr. Howe.

With what deep emotions do we look back to the mo-

ments when great events were preparing for their birth! — to Christopher Columbus, wooing from nature the secret of another continent; to Sir Isaac Newton, recognizing the invisible bond of attraction that holds the universe in its beautiful order; or to Dr. Howe, with Laura Bridgman upon his knee, opening an avenue to her soul, and bringing out the captive into the light of day, and the more precious light of knowledge, — into the truths that pertain to time and to eternity. Then she was a blank, — voiceless, thoughtless, seemingly inaccessible. Now she is learned, sensible, beautiful, and far more intelligent than the average of young ladies who have had more than her advantages, without suffering any of her privations.

Now, I suppose Dr. Howe has given an equivalent for the sense of sight to more persons, ten to one, than all the apostles put together. How nobly has he imitated the miracles!

Although, as Tacitus said of Seneca, "he would make a fit tutor for a prince," yet, for more than a quarter of a century, he has spent his noble and beneficent life among the blind. His last Annual Report was numbered the twenty-fifth.

Dr. Howe is now in his fifty-fifth year. Naturally of a fibrous, most enduring, and resilient temperament, his health was broken down by exposures while in the army of Greece. He is the best specimen extant of all that was noble and valiant in the old chevalier; and in their day he would have been as terrible and as generous a warrior as Godfrey or Amadis de Gaul. He is a man capable of all moods of mind, from the stormiest to the gentlest; with a voice that could shout on a charge of cavalry, or lull a sick infant to sleep. When that ocean of feeling he carries in his breast is calm, the halcyon bird might there build her nest and brood her young; but, when the tempest of a

holy indignation rouses it, navies could not survive its fury.

Though devoting himself primarily and mainly to his speciality of benevolence, yet, when that work is done, he engages in other philanthropies. To whom is education indebted more than to him? He and Charles Sumner did more than all other men to correct public sentiment on the subject of solitary confinement in prisons; and the same hand that carried succors to the Greeks in 1826, and to the Poles in 1831, carried them to Kansas also last year.

When any benevolent enterprise is undertaken in Massachusetts, his leadership or counsel is always invoked; and, if he be absent in any critical juncture or desperate emergency, men cry out as the host of Clan Alpine at the battle of Beal an Duinè, —

> "One blast upon his bugle-horn
> Were worth a thousand men!"

One of the most striking traits in my hero's character is its simplicity; not merely an absence of pretension, but a negation of it. Unlike many truly great men, he has no particle of self-show or self-demonstration; and a stranger might ride with him a thousand miles without being informed that he had ever been anywhere that everybody else had not been, or seen any thing that everybody else had not seen. Like an unpolished diamond, the surface is the only unbrilliant part of him; though dim without, all luminous within. When he writes or when he fights, the beholder is not dazzled by the sheen of the battle-axe, but the antagonist dies under the weight of the metal or by the precision of the blow. Like the Arab's sword which had shivered every sword it had ever struck, —

> "Ornament it carried none,
> Save the notches on the blade."

INDIA MISSION.

The following letters from Mr. Dall in England, from Joguth Gangooly, and from Sergeant Cress, will be interesting to our readers: —

Much Hadham, 27 miles N.E. of London,
May 31, 1861.

Dear Brother Clarke, — 'Tis hard for Americans abroad to think just now of any thing but the secession and its consequences; but I am bound to tell you of our arrival in dear old England, on the return track from Calcutta to Boston. You are aware that I left the Mission there in charge, for a twelvemonth or more, of our friend and hearty colaborer Charles Cress. He gives some daily instruction in our own school; visits and addresses other schools, — which increasingly invite our sympathy and co-operation; and preaches on Sundays at the hall of the Mission House, and also at houses where he is invited in the native part of the city. In the work of religious instruction and appeal, Joguth Philip Gangooly was gladly acting as a sort of colleague, when I left; besides giving three or four hours daily to our school. Thus all was well, and in good and steady progress, in the hands of two English and six native teachers; of which last I wish I had room to speak more particularly here. A Hindoo Pundit, of higher culture and more natural force than our childman Philip, — whose name, Rakhal Das Haldar, has been honorably known to me since I first set foot in India, — has accompanied me, at my own charges, to London. He has vastly enjoyed our journey from Bengal to England across France; is now well; and has a prospect of em-

ployment as a lecturer, in connection with the professor of Hindoo Law, at the London University: though, should this fail him, he has other inviting paths of success.

Last Sunday, which was our first sabbath in England, after forty days of "roughing it" as "second-class" passengers on half fare, I preached in the morning at Carter Lane, and my Christian Pundit at sunset in another part of London; when Rev. Mr. Jerson, at close of R. D. Haldar's discourse on "Rammohun Roy and the Unitarianism of the Hindoo Scriptures," spoke highly, to a crowded audience, of the clearness and gospel spirit of the "able" exposition which they had heard. I have certainly brought with me a good strong man this time; and I cannot doubt that a guiding Providence will sufficiently provide for him. Unless requested, I do not intend to bring him to America; though, from his intimate acquaintance with Hindoo life as well as with several Asiatic tongues, including Sanscrit, I think he would well fill an Oriental chair in our Alma Mater University. He has not received the rite of Christian Baptism, but may do so, perhaps, at Bristol, near the place where Rammohun Roy laid down his mantle thirty years ago.

As regards my own coming to New England and Maryland, to embrace kindred from whom I have been absent more than six years, — as well as to appeal to our churches, and answer questions on every hand concerning the Calcutta Mission, including Madras and Peshawur, — I have word through a friend that it had better be delayed for two or three months. This comes to me as your opinion, in view of the fact that but one subject at present engrosses the hearts and minds of citizens of the United States; namely, the fearful clash of arms to which both sections of the country are rushing. I hear from some of those near

you who are also nearest and dearest to me, that — if there be just now a call in England for the information and encouragement which God has given us in Bengal, and which I have it as my privilege and duty to impart — I had better stay here until towards autumn, or long enough to answer the calls that may press upon me; demanding the visitation of various English cities, with preaching, lectures, conversations, &c. Our brother, the Rev. W. H. Channing, has just left us for a brief visit to New England; and I cannot tell you how hard it was for me to decide not to accompany him. . . . Meantime, you will please direct to me at 178, *Strand, London;* the rooms, as you know, of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association. Invitations have already begun to flow in upon me from Unitarian pulpits, and my time bids fair to be all occupied. There will be, ere long, a business meeting of the British and Foreign Unitarian Association for the special consideration of missionary labors in India. The fact that the current expenses of the Mission in Calcutta are drawn at present, and for the pending twelve months, from my private purse and the laid-up earnings of my Saturday *reporting*, will, of course, be looked into; nor have I the least fear but the generosity of English hearts will overflow to meet the needs of our really flourishing Mission. In my voluntarily alienating from my private earnings, for its good, upwards of four thousand rupees, I need not hesitate to say that I have given a test of sincerity; though it was not I, but my Father, who did it and is doing it. . . .

And now a closing word of our London Anniversaries. We arrived from Paris in season to attend them; having made all speed by the overland route, *viâ* Egypt and the Mediterranean, that we might not be too late; and having also taken, as you know, the very first chance open to us for

leaving Calcutta, after seeing our friend Gangooly settled at his regular routine of duty under the Superintendent of the Mission, Mr. Cress.

And now let me gratefully confess, that no reception in England could be more generous and hearty than ours. You may imagine that we were somewhat worn and weary, after nearly forty days' journey; during which we rested nightly in our day-clothes, with eight or ten men, sick and well, drunk and sober, in the same stateroom. On my first day in London, I received more than a dozen invitations to visit as many homes, with half a dozen appointments to preach; this at a time when I had with me no written sermons, and when my Hindoo friend and I were craving, above all things, a few days of rest, repose, sleep, for the renewal of vigor and elasticity to overtaxed physical energies. During the Anniversary days, we were constantly passing from one meeting to another, and were often called on to speak. The reports of those occasions, in the "London Inquirer," will have already informed you of the very kind appreciation with which these efforts were received. The genuine *sincerity* which marked all that was done during Anniversary Week was its jewel and its charm. By the happy occasion, as a whole, there can be no doubt that the Unitarians of Great Britain will be moved aright, — cheered, strengthened, warmed. I could write you pages on this point; but as there were a few things which I would gladly see altered, and it may do good to have these pointed out, I will do as I would be done by, and mention these distinctly: —

(1) Secular music by a few voices was preferred to sacred music to be sung by the many; and this at the Collation, the emphatically social board of the entire week. I am puzzled, if not pained, to notice, that, in the songs

chosen, there is no trace of adaptation to any sort of a friendly meeting, and no mention of the existence of God or of Jesus; only excepting the never-omitted "God save the Queen," and a few words sung as a table-grace. The names of these pieces, as you see by the programme, are "Queen of the Valley, — a glee, five voices;" "In going to my lonesome bed, — a madrigal;" "Farewell to the forest;" "Spring-time." I chance to know that one or more social-religious hymns were offered for this very occasion, but rejected; and these songs, which bore not the remotest allusion to Christianity, preferred. I do not know why, and I would gladly know the reason. The mention of the fact, I'm sure, will be taken in good part, should it ever meet the eye of our English friends. — (2) Another fact was, that no meeting of the week, so far as I observed or could learn, was opened or closed *with prayer;* a custom universal with us in *our* Sunday-school and other meetings, when annual reports are to be read and addresses made. — (3) I could not but regret, that there was nothing answering to those gatherings for mutual exhortation, prayer, and revival, which so crowd our churches on *every morning* of Anniversary Week in Boston. Our British brethren seem to be afraid of prayer-meetings; having seen them, I dare say, often marred by insincerity and cant. I trust the day is not far off when they will be able to bear them, and compel them to sincerity. — (4) I looked for a closing festival celebration of the Lord's Supper. That, too, was omitted; and no *loaf and cup* administered to all the brethren, as we are wont to administer it. By the way, too, instead of our more cordial words of address, the social body of the assembled churches was almost uniformly addressed with the opening phrase, "Ladies and Gentlemen;" which to me seemed stiff and unfitting: at least,

'tis not our way. — (5) Once more: in the *ministers'* discussion, the one subject which led the rest was that of a Liturgy, and methods of public prayer. Here, too, I was at a loss to understand (and so was our dear brother Channing) how our brethren could prefer, as a majority of them do, to write and then *read* their pulpit prayers, just as they do their sermons. The Rev. James Martineau advocated this custom, though *we* could only explain such advocacy on the ground that *habit* is a second nature.

All's well here: so may it be with you. God guide you, and your brother DALL.

CALCUTTA, May 8, 1861.

MY DEAR MR. CLARKE, — I send you a few lines by the mail that leaves for Europe to-day. You are aware that Mr. Dall has left us for home, accompanied by a young gentleman of Brahmin caste, who wishes, I believe, to study in London; and, should he visit Boston, I am sure you will like him, and be interested.

I am doing my part in the harvest of the Great King, — doing faithfully and cheerfully, I trust; although the "*heat of the day*," the outcast life, its attendant trials, are almost insufferable. I hold religious meetings on every Sunday morning in my room. My hearers, though very few in number, are as regular and punctual as the deacons of the West Church or Brattle Street. There were only two to attend for two Sundays; but now the Lord brings four to "worship him in spirit and in truth." Lately another has joined us, and our flock increases day by day. The order of my services is as follows: First, Prayer from Miss Carpenter's "Morning and Evening Meditation;" 2d, Read a chapter of the New Testament, beginning with Matthew, and explain it; 3d, Make the brethren read and explain and

taste two verses each; 4th, Give them a short exhortation; 5th, Read hymns; 6th, Close with a spontaneous prayer, reciting the Lord's Prayer at the end, and they all joining me in it. Thus we "four or five are gathered together in the name of Christ," and feel the presence of him, our Lord and Master.

I have made acquaintance of many Brahmos, or Theists. Most of them declare themselves Unitarian Christians; but I do not encourage them, and urge that they must take the *seal* of Christ publicly, that we might know a friend from a foe: and I am glad to find that some of them are losing their prejudice against baptism. These are, you will find, educated young men, having read and re-read Voltaire, Tom Paine, the late Parker, Emerson, and Newman, &c.; yet Christ wins them over to himself, for he "spake as no other did." May God fan the "smoking flame" in the souls of hundreds here, is my prayer. A young man, Baboo Mohendro Lall Morkerpa, who has done much for the Unitarian Mission, but written boldly and freely to Mr. Dall against baptism, is making us a visit; and I am happy to tell you he wishes to take the yoke of Jesus, and give up mother, brother, and wife, (a child of ten!) that he may stand worthy of Christ. It will deprive him of the head teachership in a government-aided school; but he does not mind. He has decided to visit America on his own account. I do not preach in the streets, like the Trinitarians; for I know it does no good. A native street-preacher (Trinitarian) told me that he always takes a second with him to keep the boys off, who stand close by him and tear his clothes! O blessed Jesus! I see why thou didst send thy disciples by two together. He told me further, that he merely reads from the Prayer-book; but the people ask, "Who is your Christ, Mary, and Holy Ghost?" He

wanted to know; and I explained to him the principles of Unitarian Christianity, and he was satisfied. He said he had prayed to God that he would turn Mr. Dall out of India, whom he had taken for an enemy of Christianity. He had once called on Mr. Dall to inquire what his theology was; but the latter failed to satisfy him, for the want of the knowledge of Bengalee. I had called on the converts of Dr. Duff, who had left a meeting because Mr. Dall was present; and they, imbued with the spirit of their pastor, pronounced me a hypocrite. Nearly twelve of them stood round me, and returned my kind words with, "You are here on a hypocritical visit; you will win the Hindoos this way;" &c. These brethren are pretty sure (as they told me they believed) that the Hindoos, the Mahometans, and the Unitarians will never reach heaven. But, as they were glad to get rid of me, I left them, saying that they need not be anxious about our getting into heaven. The Lord of the heaven will see that his place is trod by worthy persons.

The other day, I met a native Christian arguing with two Theists. The latter were rather hard upon the Christians. I put myself in to take my share of the reproach for Christ's sake; but, the moment the brother knew I was a Unitarian, he cried out, "I do not call him a Christian," &c.: but the Theists left us, asking my permission to see me in my room, and wishing the preacher to "be a Unitarian as soon as possible." I had the pleasure of seeing one of the Theists in my place. He is a man of extensive culture. He referred to the writings of the "Fathers," — Augustine and Origen, &c. I walked a little way with the Trinitarian preacher, and urged him to give up his "glass of beer," for which he had been ridiculed by the Theists; but he said he could not. His wife

is an English lady: he goes to parties, &c. Pretty good reasons for drinking wine; are not they? Let a bride be English, American, or French, I won't have her "*for all that*," if she could not go without wine, party, and polka.

I see the young men from Bally (my native village) often into my room. Some of them are my old pupils. Yesterday one came, and will come to-day. The poor youth was commanded by his father not to walk in to his house, for his refusing to worship the idols. Oh! Mr. Clarke, I inquired of him how those idols were; for *I* had to worship them occasionally, — my old gods! He said he had not seen them for a long time. He declared his belief in one absolute Deity: "But I do not pray to him; except, when I feel distressed, my heart goes to him." I expect him in a few hours, and hope to show him the utility of prayer. Little of my mother and her family. She indulged me to visit her once a week; received me into her rooms; made me eat my meals in the room. This has quite enraged the neighbors and the Brahmins, who have put her out of the society. They do not come to her house, nor let her family enter into theirs. They do not go in to wash, bathe, or fetch water in the tank, if *any* of my mother's family happen to be there! The mother of my aunt had washed my back, or rather helped me to wash it; and for this the neighbors do not touch her. Very few hold any conversation with them. My poor brother said to me the other day, "Joguth, the foxes and jackals of the woods have friends to talk to; but we have none. You have put us in such a sad position;" &c. My mother's sister and her sister-in-law had been at our house to rebuke mother for admitting me into the house and *touching* me. O blessed Christ! do I not quite understand thy words, "A man's foes shall be they of his own household"? I am afraid mother

is losing her mind. She goes out, and sits for hours. Lately she went to be healed of her illness (which she calls me the cause of) by a god who has made his appearance in a place twelve miles from ours; but returned, unsuccessful, after six days. She got home on the *fast* days, in which the widows do not eat nor drink *any* thing. Tired and exhausted, she laid herself down on the floor, and has been telling to the household, "I have brought some ripe mangoes and confectionery, which I will take to Calcutta, day after to-morrow, and feed my Joguth with." God had directed my steps towards home, and I cried "Ma!" the moment she had finished her last words. You can imagine her joy. After laying before me the sad state of the family, she begged me not to torture them longer. With little logic, but with an overflowingly affectionate heart and with confidence, she tried her best to make me renounce Christianity, wear the sacred cord, and live with her as her "Joguth." We should do all, — eat one meal in the day, wear coarse cloth, and thereby save money to satisfy the Brahmins with, that they might take *us all* in to the caste again. "Wear the '*Cord*' Poita, child ('K, bring one'). I have sought a bride for you, of fair complexion, ten years of age, and who has read six books, &c. Her parents would marry her to you, provided you wear the cord," &c. I said much to convince her of the impossibility of my consenting to her wishes. Nothing would convince her. She put the cord round my neck; which I, of course, threw off immediately. With tears I left her, not to go to Bally again. The Brahmins will take her into the society, if she pay them a large sum of money, — a hundred dollars or more. But this would not be if I entered her house. Of course I could, they say, go to see her once in a while, but not *touch her*, &c.! Oh! I feel so sad when I think of these

things; yet I will endure to the end, God helping me, and "fight a good fight."

JOGUTH PHILIP GANGOOLY.

To Rev. JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE,
Secretary to Unitarian Association.

REV. SIR, — As time rolls on, and steals away the breath which first it gave; so the Company's huge steamer rolls up the river to bear away as many letters as may be found ready: which reminds me of the Rev. Mr. Dall's request, that I should write you by every outgoing mail. The Mission — I have but little to say of it as yet, being but a stranger here; but as far as I *can* judge from conversations, perusal of printed tracts by an association calling themselves "Brahmos," literally "Gods," I am of opinion that they are well capable of instructing one-half of the men who come out here as missionaries. These men (or rather the leading minds amongst them) are far in advance of most people calling themselves Christians; and only for being in constant correspondence with Newman and others in Europe, who have cast away Christ and the New Testament, there is no telling what they might accomplish. I send you by this mail two copies of one of their printed lectures, to enable you to judge of how far they have gone, and of how far we may go with them. I tell them that they resemble the man who received the gift, made use of it, and rejected the giver; for it appears to me that they have truths which they never would have had only for Jesus' having first preached them to the world. They have selected the choicest portions of the Vedas, and had them printed, and cast away the remainder; thereby showing they are ahead of Christian bishops, who refuse to sanction a revision of our common version of the Scrip-

tures. I have, in the course of our five years' correspondence, told Mr. Dall that he had not enough of Christ in his teachings; but I find that he had more of him than the Brahmos are willing to admit into their creed. I say, creed; but I ought to mention that they profess to have no creed. Yet they have one, and a rigid one too; viz., a creed of denials of all that Christians hold sacred and dear. They have a great deal of unmeaning phraseology wherewith to replace the doctrines of Jesus regarding belief in him as the Messenger of the Father. When I wrote you last, I wrote under first impressions, thinking all visitors were avowed Unitarians; but I find them just as much opposed to Unitarianism (except on one point) as they are to Trinitarianism still. Let them progress on the foundation of the lecture I send you, and surely we might say as Jesus did of old, "Thou art not far from the kingdom of God." It is to the rising generation we must principally look. I was once conversing with a minister of the Church of England (Rev. H. Allcock), pointing out several things in which I could not join him. He acknowledged them all; said he saw and deplored them stronger than I possibly could. I asked him why he remained in them. He replied, "Cress, the church is bad enough now, on your own showing: what would it be if I and others, who see and pray against her evils, were to leave her? No," he said: "we remain, if for nothing else, *to counteract these evils.*" Just so, it appears to me, should be the position of the Unitarian Mission in India. If they cannot make any progress immediately, still they seem as a beacon, and prevent others from driving so recklessly on the outer circle as they otherwise would. I receive almost daily visits from one or another of them. We have public service at half-past ten, A.M., on Sundays; but, as yet, we

have not had more than four beyond our family circle: three come to Bible-class on Friday evenings. Joguth Gangooly has a conversation-class on Sunday mornings, at seven; and he goes out nearly every day, not to preach, but to converse with his countrymen.

The school is prospering. Five new scholars on the 1st, two on the 2d, and one to-day (3d). Cholera very prevalent. We have thirty boys sick. One poor little fellow, coming to school the other day, complained of being ill: his brother took him home, and he died of cholera. The "Precepts of Jesus" are read without a murmur. I have nothing worth communicating at present. I long to hear from you. Please remember me to Mr. Dall and Rakhal Das Halder.

I am, reverend sir, your humble and obedient servant,

CHARLES CRESS,
Superintendent Unitarian Mission-house.

THE PURITAN SPIRIT.

From "The Puritans," by Samuel Hopkins; vol. ii. Peter Wentworth's Defence of his Speech in Defence of the Liberties of Parliament against Queen Elizabeth, in 1576.

"I WILL discharge my conscience and duties to God, my prince, and my country. So certain it is, Mr. Speaker, that none is without fault, — no, not our noble queen. Sith, then, her majesty hath committed great, yea, dangerous faults to herself, love, even perfect love, void of dis-

simulation, will not suffer me to hide them to her majesty's peril, but to utter them to her majesty's safety. It is a dangerous thing in a prince unkindly to abuse his or her nobility and people: and it is a dangerous thing in a prince to oppose or bend herself against her nobility and people; yea, against most loving and faithful nobility and people. And how could any prince more unkindly entreat, abuse, oppose herself against her nobility and people, than her majesty did the last Parliament?

"And I beseech the same God to endue her majesty with wisdom, whereby she may discern faithful advice from traitorous, sugared speeches; and to send her majesty a melting, yielding heart unto sound counsel, that will may not stand for a reason. Then her majesty will stand when her enemies are fallen; for no estate can stand where the prince will not be governed by advice.

"Then why do your honors ask *how I dare* tell a truth, to give the queen's majesty warning to avoid her danger? I answer you thus: I do thank the Lord my God, that I never found fear in myself to give the queen's majesty warning to avoid her danger. Be you all afraid thereof, if you will; but I praise God I am not, and I hope never to live to see the day when I shall be. Yet I assure your honors, that twenty times and more, when I walked in my grounds revolving this speech to prepare against this day, my own fearful conceit did say unto me, that this speech would carry me to the place of prison, whither I shall now go; and fear would have moved me to put it out of my purpose. Then I weighed, whether, in good conscience and the duty of a faithful subject, I might keep myself out of prison, and not warn my prince from walking in a dangerous course. My conscience said unto me, that I could not be a faithful subject if I did more respect to

avoid mine own danger than my prince's danger." Herewithal I was made bold, and went forward as your honors heard. Yet when I uttered those words in the House, 'that there was none without fault, — no, not our noble queen,' — I paused, and beheld all your countenances, and saw plainly that those words did amaze you all. Then was I afraid with you for company, and fear bade me to put out those words that followed; for your countenances did assure me that not one of you would stay me up in my course. Yet the consideration of a good conscience and of a faithful subject did make me bold to utter that which followed in such sort as your honors heard. With such heart and mind I spake it; and, if it were to do again, I would, with the same mind, speak it again."

"Yea; but you might have uttered it in better terms. Why did you not?"

"Would you have me to have done as you of her majesty's Privy Council do, — utter a weighty matter in such terms as she should not have understood herself to have made a fault? Then it would have done her majesty no good; whereas my intent was to do her good."

The committee reported, that the offender "could not say any thing for the extenuating of his offence;" and, upon the order of the House, — which, however, was not taken without "sundry disputations and speeches," — he was committed to the Tower until *they* should further consider his case. There he remained until the twelfth day of March; when her majesty signified that "she did remit her displeasure against him, and *did refer his enlargement to the House.*"

MEETINGS OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE.

June 10, 1861. — At the first meeting of the new Board, elected, May 29, for the years 1861–2, there were present Messrs. Hedge, Lincoln, C. W. Clark, J. F. Clarke, Newell, Stebbins, Hinckley, Winkley, Sawyer, Nichols, and Fox.

The Secretary stated that he had received a letter from Rev. Edward E. Hale, declining to serve as a member of the Committee; and Rev. Samuel Barrett, D.D., was unanimously elected to fill the vacancy.

The resolutions passed at the Annual Meeting of the Association, which provide for the distribution of the duties, hitherto performed by the General Secretary, among the members of the Executive Committee, were then taken up for consideration.

Rev. James Freeman Clarke offered to continue to edit the "Monthly Journal," if it should be thought desirable to have it conducted by one person; and his offer was unanimously accepted.

The following of the above-mentioned resolves was then adopted by the Board: —

"The missionary work in distant parts of the country shall be performed by local agents residing in the vicinity, whose expenses shall be paid by the Association."

The resolution concerning the distribution of the office correspondence was discussed; and it was decided to assign this work to subcommittees, to consist of three persons each. The following were appointed: —

On India Mission.

Rev. S. H. Winkley; Rev. J. F. Clarke;
Hon. F. W. Lincoln, Jun.

New-England Correspondence.

Rev. C. H. Brigham; Rev. Samuel Barrett, D.D.; Warren Sawyer, Esq.

Western Correspondence.

Rev. R. P. Stebbins, D.D.; Rev. Frederic Hinckley; G. H. Nichols, M.D.

Finance.

George B. Emerson, Esq.; Warren Sawyer, Esq.; C. W. Clark, Esq.

It was stated that Rev. W. H. Cudworth, who was about leaving for the South as chaplain of the First Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, would be glad to distribute among the soldiers some of the books and tracts published by the Association; and the President and Secretary were appointed a Committee to select and forward such as they should deem suitable.

The Secretary presented the applications of several divinity students for aid from the Perkins Fund; and it was decided to appoint a Committee of three, to whom all such requests should be referred. The following gentlemen were elected to serve in that capacity: —

Rev. F. H. Hedge, D.D.
Rev. William Newell, D.D.
Rev. James F. Clarke.

A letter was read from Rev. J. G. Forman, of Alton, Ill., giving an account of his labors as a missionary for the Association; and, as a part of his compensation for the coming year, the Secretary was authorized to remit to him $100.

A letter was read from Rev. C. B. Josselyn, of Malden, asking aid in behalf of his society; and it was voted, that, when the amount collected by the Society be made up to within $50 of the full sum required, $50 be paid them by the Association.

July 15, 1861. — Present, Messrs. Hedge, Emerson, Lincoln, C. W. Clark, Brigham, Newell, Barrett, Stebbins, Hinckley, Sawyer, Nichols, and Fox.

The Committee on Western Correspondence, through their Chairman, Rev. Dr. Stebbins, offered the following reports; which were severally accepted and adopted by the Board: —

On the application of Rev. John Young for an appropriation of $60 to enable him to visit St. Paul, Minn., preach there four Sundays, and thus test capabilities of the place, it was reported, that, in the present condition of the funds of the Association, it was inexpedient to act in the matter.

On the application of Rev. John S. Brown for aid for the society in Lawrence, Kan., of which he is the pastor, it was recommended that $200 be appropriated, — to include the $133, now in the hands of the Treasurer, given for the benefit of the Kansas Mission.

On the application of the Second Society, Philadelphia, for an appropriation of $500 a year, for two years, to enable them to secure, during that time, the services of a pastor; and also on the application of Rev. A. A. Livermore, in behalf of the society in Yonkers, N.Y., for an appropriation of $250 to aid them in sustaining preaching during the time occupied in building their church, — it was reported that the funds of the Association, at present, would not authorize such action.

On the application of the society in Trenton, N.Y., for assistance, it was recommended, that on account of the smallness of the sum required, and the long and faithful efforts of this society to maintain public worship, an appropriation be made. It was then voted that $50 be paid them on Oct. 1.

The Committee on the Perkins Fund presented a report; but, after some discussion, it was decided best to make no appropriations to those asking aid until some future meeting.

To carry out a former vote of the Board, the Secretary was directed to purchase for the Association sixty-two copies of Noyes's "Translation of Job."

In answer to an application for aid from Rev. A. D. Wheeler, D.D., of Brunswick, Me., in behalf of his society, the sum of $50 was appropriated.

The Secretary having suggested the propriety of publishing in the "Monthly Journal" an account of the meetings of the Committee, he was instructed to prepare a concise abstract of the proceedings at each meeting for that purpose, subject to the discretion of the editor.

INTELLIGENCE.

Mr. William L. Symonds has been invited by the society in Chicopee, Mass., to take charge of their pulpit for three months.

Rev. T. P. Doggett, formerly of Barnstable, has received and accepted a call from the society in Pembroke, Mass., to become their pastor.

Rev. Augustus H. Conant, of Rockford, Ill., has resigned the charge of the society in that place; the resignation to take effect at the end of the fourth year of his service, — on the first Sunday in July.

Rev. Charles B. Thomas, late of New Orleans, La., has received and accepted a call from the First Unitarian Society in Chicago, Ill., to become their pastor.

Rev. Ephraim Nute, Jun., has been elected chaplain of the First Regiment of Kansas Volunteers.

Rev. Stephen Barker, recently of Leominster, has been appointed chaplain of the Fourteenth Regiment of Massachusetts Volunteers, commanded by Col. William B. Greene, formerly a Unitarian minister, and settled over the society in Brookfield, Mass.

Rev. N. A. Staples, of Milwaukie, Wis., has been appointed chaplain of the Sixth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS.

1861.				
July	8.	From Rev. Fred. Frothingham's Society, Portland, Me., as a donation		$25.00
"	"	"	Society in Waltham, for Monthly Journal, additional	4.00
"	"	"	Society in Nashua, N.H., for Monthly Journal, additional	6.25
"	"	"	Society in Bridgewater, for Monthly Journals	25.00
"	"	"	Society in New Bedford, as a donation	200.00
"	16	"	Rev. Fred. A. Farley, D.D., Trustee, interest on Graham Fund	173.25
"	17	"	Society in South Danvers, for Monthly Journals, additional	6.00
"	20	"	Society in Syracuse, N.Y., as a donation	30.00
"	"	"	Society in Syracuse, N.Y., for Monthly Journal, additional	10.00

CANDIDATES FOR SETTLEMENT.

This list will be corrected monthly. Brethren desiring their names entered, or address changed, will please indicate the same to the Secretary of the A. U. A.

The * affixed to the word "Boston" indicates the address, — "Care of American Unitarian Association, Boston."

Preachers.	Address.
Stephen Barker	Concord, Mass.
John B. Beach	Meadville, Penn.
William M. Bicknell	Harrison Square.
Geo. Bradburn	Athol.
F. L. Capen	Care of Barnard Capen, Esq., Boston.
William Cushing	Clinton.
J. H. Fowler	Cambridge.
William Ware Hall	Providence, R.I.
M. G. Kimball	Newtonville, Ms.
Lyman Maynard	Milford, Mass.
D. C. O'Daniels	Richmond, N.H.
John Orrell	Sandwich.
George Osgood	Kensington, N.H.
J. M. Peirce	Cambridge.
Thomas H. Pons	Boston.*
James Richardson	Boston.*
Charles Ritter	Care of "Christian Inquirer," New York.
Charles Robinson	Groton.
Ed. G. Russell	Cambridge.
George W. Stacy	Milford.
Augustus Steinhart	Boston.*
Livingston Stone	Cambridgeport.
Wm. Law Symonds	Boston.*
L. G. Ware	Boston.*
Daniel S. Whitney	Southborough.
William A. Whitwell	Harvard.
J. Henry Wiggin	Boston.*
George A. Williams	Deerfield.
Samuel D. Worden	Lowell.
William C. Wyman	Brooklyn, N.Y.